

## The Yellow Canary

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Summary: Scorpius Malfoy is having difficulties with his studies and obtains a talking canary to help him complete his school work. A prequel to Hogwarts Rule 28.

## The Yellow Canary

**\*\*The Yellow Canary\*\***

**\*\*A/N**

>This is a sort of prequel to Hogwarts Rule Number 28. There really isn't any connection to the two, but I know some people wanted a Canary story to go with something I made up in that Rule.

xD<br>Please Enjoy\*\*

Scorpius Malfoy sniffed loudly, quill poised over a stack of parchments, he held his breath and lowered his hand; he wrote:

Cheering Charms: They make you happy.

Scorpius lifted his hand and stared at his six-word essay for several minutes before scrunching it up and throwing yet another balled paper into the fire.

He was frustrated at himself, he also blamed his professors and his father. Why make him do essays on such stupid things like Cheering Charms? There isn't much to them unlike his potions class, or even History of Magic. And his father is to blame for suffocating him.

Scorpius blew at his fringe angrily, thinking that he was probably the only wizard in Hogwarts who never got to touch a wand before being enrolled.

The little Malfoy decided to try once more to describe Cheering

Chars, he sucked at his teeth loudly.

\_Seeeeee-tah!  
>See-tah!<br>Tah!  
>Tah!<br>Tah!  
>Bam!<em>

Scorpius thumped his head against the table, the ink bottles and parchments slipped away with a crash to the floor. He groaned, pressing a thumb nail between his teeth, he chewed nervously.

There was only one thing left to do; Scorpius would have to go to the library and ask that Ravenclaw study group to help him. The young boy grumpily smooshed his equipment away, scrunching his parchments and breaking his quill in the process.

He hated those smart ass Ravens.

o~O~o~O~o~O~o

The next morning Scorpius stood between the bookshelves, pouting at the study group.

\_Never hesitate to ask for help\_ echoed his father's words in his head. Scorpius frowned, he wasn't hesitatingâ€| he was debating whether to go over or not.

Suddenly a red-headed Ravenclaw began giggling loudly at a dark haired Gryffindor boy, who flushed bright red.

'Oh,' the girl reached for the boy, trying to stifle her glee, 'Oh Al, please, come back, I didn't mean â€'

It was too late, the boy was gone, and the girl collapsed in fits of giggles again.

Scorpius decided to leave too, no way was he going to deal with Ravenclaw girls giggling at his stupidity. The young Malfoy intended to go back to his dorm and wallow in self pit, however curiosity stopped him.

Another Gryffindor boy stood to the side with a bird cage, he had attracted quite an audience.

'Come ooon!' shouted the boy, grinning from ear to ear, 'you'll never get an opportunity like this again!'

Scorpius tilted his head, craning his neck to see in the cage.

A small yellow bird flapped its wings quickly, its little beak bounded by rope. A few students dispersed, heads shaking, and Scorpius moved closer.

'Interested?' whispered the older boy past Scorpius' ear, making him jump away.

The young Slytherin clasped his hand over his ear, blushing and looking away, 'What are you doing with this bird?'

The Gryffindor slapped a hand to his own chest, looking offended,

'This bird,' he gasped, 'my friend, this is no ordinary bird,' he wrapped his arms around Scorpius' shoulders, pulling him closer and forcing him to get a better look into the cage.

'This is a talking canary!'

Scorpius blinked.

The canary blinked back.

'But, er,' Scorpius stared up at the dark haired boy.

'James,' he grinned, puffing himself up, 'James Sirius Potter,' he bowed, 'at your most humble service.'

'Rightâ€¦| Jamesâ€¦|' Scorpius licked his lips, 'Canaries don't talk, James.'

James rolled his eyes, 'of course normal canaries can't talk, but this one,' he prodded his wand at the bird, who shuffled away, glaring, 'he talks pretty well, knows all the school criteria too, I taught him that.'

Scorpius' eyes bulged, 'he knows the criteria?'

'Yes, and he's for sale.'

'How much?'

'I dunno,' James rubbed at his nose, grinning slyly, 'he might be out of our price range, little?'

'Scorpius â€" I'm not that little,' the Slytherin squeezed his eyes shut, 'not the pointâ€¦| how much for him?'

'30 Galleons.'

'sold.'

James smirked, 'impressive pockets you have there, little Scorpius, are you sure?'

Scorpius stared at the bird, fingers stroked his coin purse as he contemplated the buy. He really needed to pass his exams, and this bird has all the answers, 'â€¦| please,' he said quietly, 'I need him.'

The older boy rubbed his chin, then removed his glasses, 'tell you what, little Scorpius, I like you, so you can have him for 20 Galleons,' James cleaned the lenses on his shirt.

Scorpius jumped on James, nearly toppling him over in a hug, 'Thank you!' he said breathlessly, 'thank you so much James!'

The Gryffindor chuckled, 'no, thank you,' he grinned again, replacing his glasses and extending his hand, 'No refunds.'

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"\_Just one more thing â€" don't remove the binds until you're aloneâ€" he's easily distracted" \_James words warned Scorpius clearly, so the Slytherin boy waited patiently for his dorm mates to depart for bed.

The boy fingered the yellow feathers gently, enjoying the softness between his digits and yawned loudly as the last of his house went to bed.

'Okay,' Scorpius pulled the rope away from the canary's beak.

The little yellow bird tilted his head, clipping his beak together and clicking his tongue, one eye focused on Scorpius' face.

'My name is Scorpius, what's yours?'

The canary bobbed his head, looking Scorpius up and down, the boy held his breath, hoping that he just didn't waste 20 galleons.

Then, the bird lifted his right wing to his chest in a strange little bow.

'\_Barry the canary'\_

Scorpius sat straight, surprised by how deep and smooth the bird's voice was, the timbre so silky that Scorpius thought this bird ought to be singing Blues songs instead of helping with his homework.

'Well, Barry, can you help me with my homework please?' Scorpius raised his quill, 'I need to be ready for my Charms exam.'

Barry bobbed.

'What do you know of Cheering Charms?' Barry sat quietly, seemingly thinking, then he cleared his throat.

'\_The Cheering Charm is a nifty little trick,  
>But be careful, too much and you'll wet yourself, poor prick.<br>It's made to fill you with glee,  
>Its creation in the 1400's by Felix Summerbee.<br>A flick of the wand to leave a skip in your step,  
>You'll walk away happy, knowing the true meaning of pep.'<em>

Scorpius blinked, 'wow,' he whispered, then suddenly he jumped up, 'YEAH!' he shouted, Barry flapped loudly.

'\_Don't do that!  
>You great prat!''<em>

Barry glared.

'\_I only have a tiny heart,  
>a scare like that will blow me apart!''<em>

Scorpius crouched beside Barry, 'Oh! I'm sorry!'

And on the night went, Scorpius asking Barry about Cheering Charms and the side effects, and Barry responding so deeply and swiftly that

the boy never questioned the bird's choice of words.

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The next day, Scorpius did as James instructed and forced the binding around Barry's beak before he left the dorm. He made his way to Defence Against the Dark Arts class, more confident in himself than he had ever been before.

Along the way he found James Potter again, attempting to sell something writhing inside a potato sack.

'Good morning James,' Scorpius absolutely beamed up at the older boy.

James looked ready to bolt, but stopped short seeing Scorpius' smiling face, 'Oh, hello little Scorpius,' James grinned back, 'how goes your studies?'

A couple of passing professors raised eyebrows and exchanged worried glances as the two boys interacted.

'Sooooo much better!' Scorpius leapt at James for another hug, 'that bird is brilliant!'

James chuckled, peeling the Slytherin off himself, 'well, I did conjure him after all,' he boasted, 'who could anything less than brilliant from me? I am the great Harry Potter's first son of course.' He puffed out his chest.

'So great,' Scorpius stared up at James in awe, 'what is it like having a hero as your father anyway?'

James deflated, 'well, he's very bossy, doesn't let me do anything really, but my little sister could get away with being the next Dark Lord,' James rolled his eyes and sighed dramatically, 'he'd probably help her concur the whole world!'

Scorpius clung to James, 'you have a sister? What's it like to have a sister?'

James slumped over, 'annoying! I also â€" The clock tolled, interrupting James, 'Oo! I'm gonna be late for class, Seeya later, little Scorpius!'

The two boys rushed off in separate directions in hopes of making their classes.

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Scorpius decided that Barry couldn't become too distracted, and released him from his bindings to begin another study session.

'I have to write an essay on Hinkypunks Barry, what do you know of them?'

Barry clicked his beak.

'\_One legged, one lantern,

>it's light will do more than burn.<br>It fills the night air with a grunt and a moan.

>Leaving you feeling anything, but alone.<em>

\_Corpse blue, silver grey or even pearly white.

>This smoky devil will surely give you a fright.<em>

\_Into bogs, into wetlands, it doesn't matter which,

>The Hinkypunk has a way of being such a bitch.<em>

Scorpius scribbled down Barry's poem word for word, 'wow, they intend to drown you, creepy!'

Barry nodded as sagely as a canary could.

'What the bloody hell is that?' a Slytherin girl stared at Barry, 'it's quite hideously yellow, isn't it?'

Scorpius pouted, 'he's a canary, he's meant to be yellow.'

The girl rolled her eyes, 'who cares what its meant to be, it's ugly and loud, you ought to stuff him in my opinion.'

Barry's feathers ruffled, his cheeks blew up and then he flew at the girl.

'\_The dirty looks, the jealous stares/

>the best part is, you think I care!<br>Roll your eyes and talk your shit,

>Jealous bitches make me sick!''<em>

And with that said, Barry pooped all over the girl's head.

The girl screamed for her friends, Scorpius looked horrified as Barry then insisted on pecking at the girl's face, 'Jack! Mary! Please, someone get this thing off of me!'

Jack, who was obviously the girl's boyfriend, came running into the common room, 'Merlin's beard!' he gasped, 'Jillian! Bloody hell! Jillian!'

It took several minutes before Scorpius and Jack could get Barry into his cage and then several more to get Jillian to stop crying.

Jillian's friend Mary cast a silencing charm over Barry's cage so no one could hear him repeating, "jealous bitch!"

'Scorpius, what is that thing?' Mary glared down at him.

'He's just a canary,' mumbled Scorpius, 'he's meant to help me with my school workâ€|'

Jack and Mary exchanged a look, the older boy sighed, 'wellâ€| if he's meant to help you with your studiesâ€|. I won't tell you to get rid of himâ€| yet.' Jack continued to rub Jillian's shoulders, 'he has one chance Scorpius, if he abuses anyone else, I'll get you to send him home, okay?'

Scorpius nodded, 'Okay, I understand â€" I'll tell Barry to

behave.'

Jack nodded, Mary glared, 'Now everyone off to bed, it's too late for anyone to be up anyway.'

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The next few days, Barry behaved himself quite well, he didn't peck or poo on anyone, even gave Scorpius a handy poem to remember the sequence for his Shrinking Solution.

Scorpius and Barry sat by the fire, while Scorpius prepared for his Care of Magical Creatures exam.

Jillian and her friends sat close by, watching Scorpius and the bird sceptically.

'\_So cute, so round, black and fluffy,  
>however this creature is more mole-like than puppy.<em>

\_It snuffles and snuffles, it lives deep underground,  
>This thing's long nose is stronger than any bloodhound.<em>

\_It's not after deer or even wild boar,  
>This little Niffler is after something much more.<em>

\_It wants gold, jewels and all of your glitters,  
>but listen well, this bastard isn't interested in barter.<em>

\_It will rob you, it will mug you, leave you crying,  
>all the while sitting there, innocently smiling.'<em>

'Innocent my ass,' said Jillian, glaring at the pair.

Barry huffed and turned his back.

'Got nothing smart to say today?' Jillian smirked, 'obviously the only words you know are the sequence in which people have taught you, you poor, ugly, \_stupid\_ bird.'

Barry's eyes narrowed, he looked between Jillian and her friends, fluffing his breast he said:

'\_Jack and Jill went up a hill,  
>so Jack could lick her candy.<em>

Jillian went bright red and Barry's eyes bulged.

'\_But Jack got a shock  
>and a mouth full of cock!<br>cause Jill's real name is  
Randy!'\_

Barry then proceeded to squawk loudly in a strange sort of chuckle.

Scorpius and Jillian were too stunned to say anything, but Jack got over his shock and tackled Barry, cage and all to the floor.

Feathers scattered, blood was drawn, Barry screeched "fuck!" over and

over, while poor Scorpius and Mary tried to separate Jack and Barry.

'This thing is going home, \_TONIGHT\_ Scorpius! I don't care how, but he's gone!' roared Jack, he dabbed at his split lip, where the bird had bit him.

'I'm sorry!' Scorpius panicked, 'I'm so, so sorry!'

'Enough!' shouted Jack, using the superglue charm to lock Barry in his cage, 'Send him home now! No more of this Scorpius!' he shoved the cage into the young Slytherin's arms and pointed to the door.

Scorpius took Barry to the owlery, apologising for his peers abuse, '- but my dad will look after you, I promise, he won't be cruel.'

Barry continued to glare as Scorpius attached him and a note to a large barn owl's leg, 'I'll see you on break Barry! Thanks for all your help!'

o~O~o~O~o~O~o

Draco Malfoy stared at the little canary before him, his son's letter in hand.

\_Hello father, \_

\_This is Barry, he was helping me with my school work, but he upset some of the other students.

>Please look after him for me.<em>

\_Love Scorpius.\_

Draco tilted his head and leaned closer to the cage, 'how can a canary upset anyone?'

Barry fluffed himself up, glaring at the blonde man.

'\_Roses are red, violets are blue,  
>faces like yours, belong in a zoo.<br>Don't be mad, I'll be there too,  
>not in the cage, but laughing at you.'<em>

Barry then proceeded to squawk in simulated laughter.

'Rightâ€|' Draco frowned at the bird, 'you can stay in Scorpius' room until he comes home.'

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Astoria glared at Draco across the dining table as Barry screeched the same song for the twentieth time that night, 'Dracoâ€| do somethingâ€| now.' She said dangerously quiet.

Draco rubbed his temples, 'I'll deal with it.'

The older Malfoy rose from his chair, headed towards Scorpius' room, Barry's song bounced down the hall.



'\_Sing a song of syphilis,  
>a fanny full of crabs.<br>Four and twenty ulcers,  
>covered in scabs.<em>

Draco opened the door, wand ready.

\_When the scabs were opened,  
>the bitch begun to sing.<br>"isn't this a dirty place, to stick your  
penis in?"'\_

'\_Evanesco\_', ' Draco hissed through gritted teeth.

And Barry was gone, cage and all.

Draco knew Scorpius would be upset, but maybe he could apologise by  
taking his son to Honeydukes on the holiday.

\*\*A/N

>Sorry that the ending is a little rushedâ€¦ I'm not particularly  
great with poem writing, so I was finding it a little difficult to  
stretch this out XD<br>I hope you enjoyed it! All poems not Harry  
Potter world related were sourced by google!\*\*

End  
file.